

STORIES

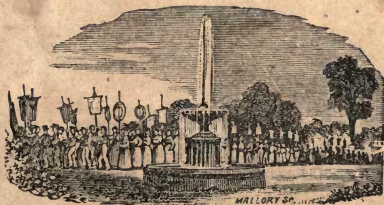
FOR

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS,

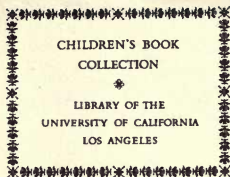
ABOUT

THE COLD WATER ARMY.

BY A LADY.



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DEDICATION.

TO
THE BOYS AND GIRLS
OF THE
COLD WATER ARMY
IN LYNN,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND AND WELL-WISHER,
JAMES M. USHER.

EDITION

THE BOYS AND GIRLS

WORLD RALLY

IN 1914

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

AND THE WORLD

BUSINESS WRITING

The Standard Way of Writing





BESSIE WHITE.

THERE are, probably, very few children, in these days of Temperance and Tee-totalism, who do not know what is meant by the "Cold Water Army." It is no such body as the United States Army or the Mexican Army, about which we hear so much at present; for while those are composed of stout men, whose object is to kill, whose appearance is terrible, and who are urged on by a spirit of hate, this army is composed of children, who aim to make alive. who present a lovely and beautiful appearance, and who are actuated by a spirit of love.

But I am not going to tell you what the "Cold Water Army" is, or is not, for all the little folks are no doubt well informed on that point by actual experience; but it is my purpose to narrate to you a story, connected with that body, which I *hope* may prove interesting, as thus I may be induced at some time to give you another.

In a very pleasant town not many miles from Boston, where may be found the tallest and most graceful elm trees, through which winds a smoothly gliding river, where abounds every variety of wild and cultivated flowers, lives Bessie White, the sweetest flower of them all. She is the youngest of three daughters, whose father was formerly so wretched a drunkard that his conduct laid his poor wife in an early grave, and rendered very sad the lives of his children.

Not only the daughters of Mr. White, but all the townspeople, endeavored to reform him, but their efforts failed, and with shame and sorrow, his children saw him becoming every day more attached to his dissipated habits. Little Bessie, young as she was, felt very deeply her father's disgrace, and many were the tears she shed, whenever he returned to his home, in a state of intoxication. Frequently she would venture to climb his knee, and, with kisses and caresses, would plead with him to cease visiting the dram-shops; but she was always roughly repulsed, and commanded to be silent.

The summer after the Temperance Reform had visited the town, and reclaimed

almost all the drunkards, and the drunkard-makers, it was decided that there should be a Temperance celebration of the fourth of July, a thing that, until then, had been unheard of. A procession, composed of all the Temperance Societies, was to march through the town to a beautiful grove, where addresses would be given and refreshments served.

So the day came—bright, beautiful, glorious—as are many days in summer, and by noon the people were thronging to the Town Hall, from whence the procession was to start; and the green in front of the meeting-house, the place of assemblage for the children, was covered with little folks, wearing badges, crowned with flowers, bearing flags and banners, and dancing and leaping for very gladness. Soon came Squire Moore among them, whom all the children loved dearly, and having formed the little creatures into something as nearly like marching order as he could, considering how they frolicked about, he bade the band play a lively marching tune, when immediately there was a great outcry.

“Oh, Squire Moore, Bessie White has n’t

come!" "Oh, please wait a little longer for Bessie!" "There, it'll be too bad to go without Bessie!" and Squire Moore, remembering what a favorite Bessie was, how all the village children would share with her their playthings, their confectionary and their fruits, dared not refuse the request, and tarried on the green half an hour, waiting for her. But still she came not, and at last, although reluctant, the "Cold Water Army" was obliged to proceed to the Town Hall, where they had been expected nearly an hour.

With flags and banners flying in the breeze, the procession marched through the town, attracting the eyes of all, and receiving the admiration of very many, when, just as they were entering the grove, who should come to overtake them but little Bessie, leaping the stone walls and climbing the fences as nimbly as a kitten, her tiny feet scarce seeming to touch the ground, her bonnet back on her shoulders, and her pleasant face glowing with heat!

There was a general exclamation of delight among the little ones as she made her appearance, and many a sweet smile was

bestowed upon the general favorite, and many a look of kindness; but she said nothing, for her young heart was sad, and slipping her hand into Squire Moore's, she walked on with the company. Poor child! no wonder she was sad; the whole of the long morning had her abandoned father passed at home, and being in an angry, irritable mood, had prevented her joining her friends, nor until he left the house, at a late hour, could she succeed in getting away. Poor Bessie! no wonder, if, with such a father, her heart *was* sad!

They passed into the grove, through arches wreathed with flowers, where from the trees waved flags, where floated in the air garlands, festoons, and beautiful bouquets, where among the leaves might be read appropriate mottos, and where upon the elegantly spread tables was exhibited every variety of tempting food. With swelling strains of music, with thrilling bursts of eloquence, with joy, and mirth, and pleasure, the day passed away.

The sun was setting, and they were listening to the last address, when a bustle was visible amid the crowd, loud words were

heard, and all eyes turned in the direction whence they proceeded. It was occasioned by Mr. White, who, having returned home half intoxicated, and found Bessie absent, had come to the grove determined to take her home with him. Some were endeavoring to hold him back, for he was rushing into the midst of the children, when Bessie, catching a glimpse of him, and understanding the whole, sprang over the seats towards him.

"Father, here I am!" said the sweet child; "here I am! I will go home if you want me to, but O, father, let me stay!"

In an instant the sympathy of a hundred little hearts was enlisted for Bessie, and as they saw her continuing to plead, one after another rose, and, taking advantage of the confusion, hasted beside her, and joined their voices with hers. Mr. White soon found himself surrounded by children, who held him by his hands, his feet, and his clothes even, and prayed him with childish eloquence to "let dear Bessie stay."

What could he do? He was ashamed to refuse, and perhaps, too, he was affected by the sight of so many upturned, earnest faces,

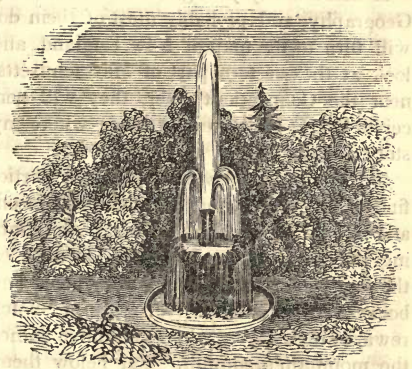
for he gave his consent hurriedly, and turned to go away. But Squire Moore was ready with the pledge, and handing it to Bessie, he said in a low tone, "Now, my dear child, get him to sign it." Oh, how dear little Bessie clung to her father, and with the most earnest face you ever saw, and with the most persuasive words you ever heard, begged and prayed that he would put his name to the pledge! The children seconded her petition, and warm-hearted Temperance men urged his immediate reformation, and promised to aid him in becoming once more a sober, respectable citizen; until, at last, conquered by the words of kindness, and by the prayers of the "Cold Water Army," he wrote his name underneath the pledge.

And now what rejoicings took place, what delight was manifested! Bessie kissed the bloated cheek of her father, and wept when she saw the tears in his eyes, and felt that he pressed her to his heart; the children jumped for joy, and three times three cheers, given by the men, made the woods echo and reëcho for some minutes.

Bessie will never forget that day! That day, she declares, was the happiest of her

whole life, that pic-nic the pleasantest she ever attended, and that "Cold Water Army" the most successful that was ever enlisted, for it succeeded in conquering her father, when everybody else had failed, and given him over as hopelessly ruined. Nor is it very strange that she thinks so.





Cold Water Fountain.

THE GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.

IF those of my young readers who study Geography, and probably most of them do, will turn to the map of New England, and look at the western part of Massachusetts, near the Connecticut river, they will perceive Mount Holyoke, the place where my story is laid.

To this noble elevation pleasure parties find their way during the summer season, and many individuals take delight in climbing its steep and craggy sides, because of the fine scenery with which they meet, and because of the extensive prospect which rewards their labor, when they have gained the mountain's summit. Far below them, they behold out-spread, like a map or picture, the smiling valley of the Connecticut, with its bright green meadows, its patches of wheat, corn, or other grain, and its pretty towns and villages, nestled here and there amid pleasant valleys, or bold and impres-

sive scenery. On a bright, clear day, it is said that one can look over the whole distance of the State of Connecticut, and nearly half of Massachusetts, and see distinctly the high lands about New Haven. This *may* be true, as the head waters of the Connecticut are elevated nearly 1600 feet above Long Island Sound, where, you know, the river empties: but I confess that I hardly credit it.

Some twenty years ago, in the glorious month of June, the green month of the twelve, a large party started from one of the neighboring towns on a visit to the summit of Mount Holyoke. In one of the party you would have been much interested; Edward Cushing was his name, a lad about ten years of age, the only child of his parents, and the only child in the company.

He was a bright, lively boy, good-tempered, and winning in his manners, and his parents, who had laid six of their little ones to rest in the grave-yard, loved him with the deepest affection.

The merry party was borne rapidly along by spirited horses, sometimes beside the green and flowery banks of the sparkling

river, or through its delightful meadows, sometimes through dark forests, and sometimes through cool, sheltered valleys, the mountains and forests giving back in echoes their laughter, their merry voices, and happy songs. Edward, the dear boy, was the merriest of all: his violet eyes glistened with delight, his musical laugh rung out on the morning air, and the dimples about his mouth and rosy cheeks, played at bo-peep all the morning.

At last they reached the foot of the elevation, and alighting from their carriages, they began the ascent. This is by no means difficult, for though in some places the mountain is steep, and almost inaccessible, there is a good pathway to the very top, and one can easily reach the summit. But the company, wild with excitement, and liking the frolic of it, climbed and scrambled up anyhow, and anywhere, and at last, with some needless bruises, and many unnecessary rents in their garments, they stood on the summit of the mount.

Oh, then how Edward shouted, and clapped his hands! Far down below, ran the broad river, where, with his father, he had

often sailed and fished, looking like a streamlet, which you might jump across. There were cattle feeding in the pastures, apparently as small as kittens, and the large white house of his father, distant some miles, looked like a mere martin-box, so tiny seemed its size. Edward hardly could tell whether he was on his head or his feet, so delighted was he with the extensive prospect spread before him. Light-hearted as a bird, now he was in one place, then in another; here, and there, and everywhere, he was leaping, and dancing, and shouting for very gladness.

Meanwhile, the ladies busied themselves in spreading the provisions which the servants had brought up. They laid snowy cloths upon the ground, and placed upon them cold meats, fruits, cake and pastry. Nor had they forgotten to supply themselves with cold water, which cannot be obtained upon the top of the mountain, but, you will be astonished, children of the "Cold Water Army," when I tell you, that beside this pure, sparkling beverage which God has given us, glowed bottles of ruby wine, and decanters of dark, red brandy. That party

did not belong to a Temperance Society, as you will believe; but, had they been connected with one, they would have been spared witnessing on that day, as terrible a calamity as ever rent the heart of man.

With appetites sharpened by the unusual exercise they had taken, the merry and frolicsome group gathered around the outspread refreshment, and soon made inroads on the ample supply before them. Wine was drank, and so too was brandy and water, and when little Edward complained of thirst, his father poured him a glass of champagne, which he immediately swallowed. This did not quench his thirst, and in a moment or two, he took up his father's glass of brandy and water, and drank off nearly half of it. Of course, when the repast was ended, he was intoxicated; he laughed and talked very foolishly, his bright eyes looked strangely, and he tottered and staggered like an infant, trying to go alone for the first time. This seemed to cause the rest of the party, including his parents, no shock of feeling: they laughed and joked about it, as if a drunken little boy was a very funny, instead of a very sorrowful sight.

They soon ceased to notice him, and more than half an hour had elapsed, before they perceived that he was not among them, "Where is Edward?" was then the query that went from mouth to mouth, and as he was not to be seen, and did not answer when called, the whole company started in search of him. A few moments passed away, and then a loud cry of horror from Mrs. Cushing, drew them to the spot where she was standing: and there, on the steepest and most impassable side of the mountain, some ways down, was the intoxicated boy, attempting a descent.

His unsteady little feet were standing on a slight projection of rock, that seemed loosening from the mass, his hands were grasping a small, dwarfed pine tree, and his little form was wavering and swaying backwards and forwards, every moment in danger of being dashed down the frightful precipice. Every face grew white with fear, a groan burst from the beholders, and the poor mother fainted, and fell back upon the ground. With trembling limbs Mr. Cushing crept down after his child, and the lookers-on began to hope he might be saved.

but, just as he was within a few feet of him, the rock on which he stood rolled out from underneath his feet, his hands were torn from their hold—a loud crash, a stunning, piercing, heart-rending shriek was heard, and with a mighty mass of stones, rocks, and earth, the poor boy was precipitated down, down, down,—till he was hidden from the eyes of his horror-stricken friends.

It seemed almost an eternity before they could reach the spot where he lay; and when they had removed the rubbish under which he was buried, the body of the beautiful boy was found crushed, mangled, bruised, and covered with blood. For a few moments his heart beat, though faintly; and then his spirit passed to the God who gave it.

And now, think if you can what agony the father felt, who put to his son's lips the liquid which caused his intoxication, and consequently his death: for had he not been intoxicated, he would not have attempted the perilous descent, which cost him his life. Think, if you can, how bitterly he reproached himself, how he blamed himself, as the murderer of his boy!

Sorrowful indeed was the return of the gay party of the morning: paleness and tears were upon all faces; his mother, to whom he was so dear, lay faint in the carriage, and the father, who sat beside the crushed body of his boy, was almost maddened by the thought that he was instrumental in causing his shocking death.

Children! beware of even a glass of wine!



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Anna W.'s New Home.

"I WILL NOT!"

I HAVE heard this expression come from the lips of children on occasions when it sounded very badly, and in a manner that indicated a very improper spirit; and as a general thing, I think it should be employed by them very sparingly. But I know a little girl now living in the city of Boston, who once used the words, "*I will not*," at a time and in a manner that evinced the right spirit, that showed a firm purpose to resist temptation; and these three little words have, probably, been the means of saving her from the disgraceful life and fearful death of the drunkard, and of securing to her true and warm-hearted friends. Let me relate you the story.

In one of the darkest, narrowest, filthiest streets of the city, amid densely crowded buildings, occupied almost wholly by the poor and the vicious, lived Anna W. She was the only child of poor and dissipated

parents, one of whom, the father, died when she was an infant, leaving her mother in great poverty, and almost friendless. After her husband's death, Mrs. W. supported herself by going out to wash, and had not a great part of her earnings been spent for ardent spirit of some kind or other, she might have managed to maintain herself and her little Anna very comfortably.

During her absence from home, her child was usually left in the care of her neighbors, who were far from being as kind to her as they ought to have been; and the little one suffered much from neglect, hunger, cold or heat, as well as from undeserved blows. Had she been kindly treated, and had she experienced the love and tenderness which are lavished upon many children, she would have been as happy as a bird, and would have laughed, and danced, and sung all day long.

But words of reproof and harshness fell more frequently upon the ear of the tender-hearted little being, than the language of love and affection; and instead of kisses and caresses, which it is so pleasant to receive, she met with repulses and blows. Conse-

quently, the grieved and suffering child wept and mourned from morning till night, and her face, which was uncommonly pretty, at last wore almost altogether an expression of sadness. To stupify her and render her less troublesome, large and frequent quantities of intoxicating liquor were given her; and it was not long before the child loved the vile drink which had proved the ruin of her parents, and would stretch out her hands imploringly, whenever she saw a bottle or a tumbler.

When about five years of age Anna was sent to a primary school, in the neighborhood. The very first day of her attendance Miss R., the teacher, became deeply interested in her; and when she saw her pale, thin face, her large, mournful, dark eyes, and her sorrowful countenance, and witnessed her gentleness, her affectionate nature, and her intelligence, in spite of her tangled hair, her soiled and shabby garments, and her naked, unwashed feet, she loved the poor little girl, and stooping down, kissed her white cheek. She did not know how much that one kiss made Anna love her!

It was but a few days before Miss R. noticed that Anna often came to school partially intoxicated, and watching her closely, she perceived by her breath, that she daily drank spirituous liquors. She was deeply grieved at this discovery, for every day she loved Anna more, but within her own soul, she resolved, if possible, to save this little outcast from a life of drunkenness.

One morning, when she came to school so stupified that she fell asleep during the singing of the opening hymn, Miss R. lifted her carefully to another seat, and putting her chair cushion under her head for a pillow, allowed her to sleep until school closed. Then, when her other pupils were dismissed, she awoke her, and taking her upon her knee, commenced a serious and affectionate conversation with her. She told her what she had discovered in reference to her use of intoxicating liquors, informed her of the consequences of drunkenness, of the misery, suffering, poverty, degradation and guilt it would cause, spoke to her of the happiness, health, and honor resulting from total abstinence, and then begged her never to drink another drop of

ardent spirits, but to refuse it, whether offered by her mother or any one else. Anna wept bitterly, and putting her arms round her teacher's neck, she sobbed forth,

"I never will drink any more of that sweetened drink, Miss R. I *never* will; nobody ever told me not to before. I will tell mother I don't want it if she gives it to me again."

This pledge was sealed by a kiss, and with a few words of encouragement the little girl was dismissed.

The next morning, Anna prepared herself for school with unusual care; never was her face washed more cleanly, her hair combed more smoothly, or her feet made to look whiter. Taking her sun-bonnet, she was going to school, when her mother, with a pewter tumbler in her hand, called to her, "Here, Anna, here is something for you."

"No, mother," said Anna, firmly, "I don't want any more of that, and I'm not going to drink it."

"Don't want it!" said her mother, in surprise; "why, yes, you do want it; so come along, and drink it."

"I *don't* want it," replied Anna, "and I

will not drink it. I told Miss R. I would n't, and *I won't ;*" and so saying the child darted from the house, and hasted to school. Little Anna's eyes were bright enough that morning, and the gladness that she felt from the consciousness of having done right, shone out on her face, and made her look very happy. She took her place with her class, and when Miss R. passed by her seat, and laid her hand softly on her head, Anna looked up and smiled so sweetly, that her teacher saw she had kept her promise. Months passed away, and to all the temptations offered to the reformed child, she replied, "*I will not ! I will not !*" and remained true to her pledge.

Three years afterwards, Anna's mother was sick and dying. She had neither money nor friends, and with her little one was removed to the Alms House, at South Boston. There she died, but while Anna was weeping over her mother's dead body, a gentleman and lady, who had heard of the child through Miss R., her teacher, came and took her to their own home, resolved to see her provided for. They had no small children of their own, and they soon loved

the destitute orphan so that they were unwilling to part with her. She, too, loved them, and so became their adopted child; her name was exchanged for theirs, she was clad neatly and tidily, and in her new home she now experienced true happiness.

At her own request she joined the "Cold Water Army," and whenever that little band appears at any celebration, or upon any festive occasion, she meets with it. She cannot be persuaded to break the promise which she made her teacher, and for my own part, I feel very confident that she will never become a drunkard.

A year or two since, she was seized with a violent fever, and for two or three days her life was despaired of. But the fever left her, though in a very weak and helpless condition, and the physician who prescribed for her, said that she must drink a little wine to strengthen her. Anna heard what he advised, and although too weak to raise herself up, she tried to lift her head, and said, with much energy, "No, I belong to the 'Cold Water Army,' and I cannot drink anything that intoxicates." It was useless to urge the matter, for she was very

resolute, and so something else was ordered instead of the wine. There is little danger of her violating her pledge.

A kind and dutiful child, a bright and studious pupil, a good-humored, pleasant companion, a firm, honest *tee-totaller*, Anna is beloved by her parents, teachers and play-mates, and is an honor to the "Cold Water Army," of which she is a member. Had she not said "*I will not!*" when tempted to drink intoxicating liquors, her life might have been like that of her wretched mother, and her death as unlamented as hers.

Little readers! as much as we all dislike to hear "*I will not!*" and "*I won't!*" from the lips of children, we shall all justify you in so saying, when tempted to sin, as was Anna.

